

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London  
May 5, 1943



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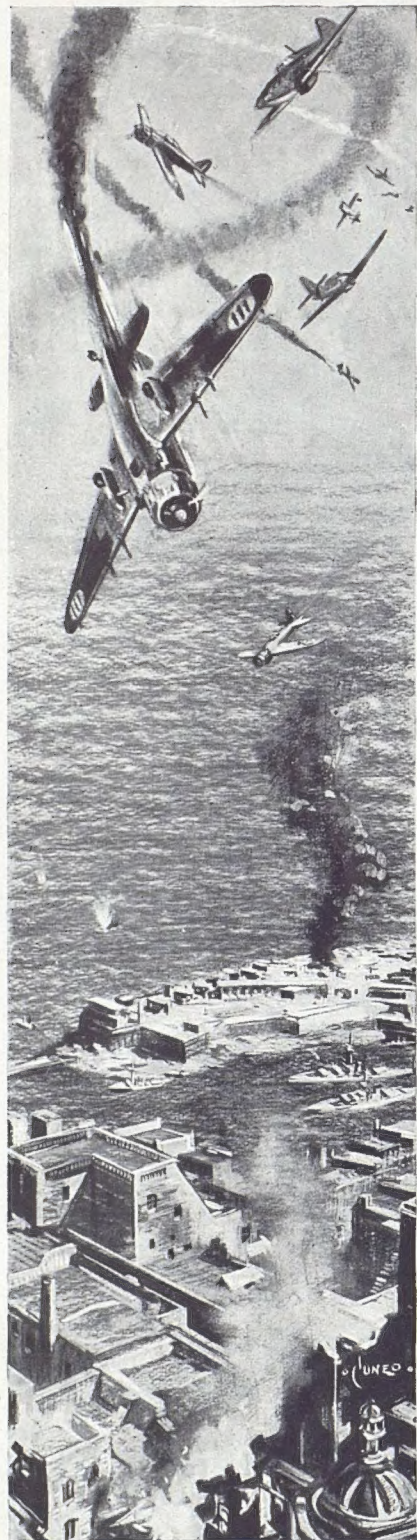


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that would not yield  
to savage might.  
Immortal symbol  
of all little things  
which, having faith  
and courage  
and endurance  
shall prevail  
against the dark  
destroying powers.  
Little squadrons—  
how little  
once—  
that charged  
into big formations  
and scattered them.  
Little ships  
that fought through  
tempest of flame  
and sea  
to bring supplies.  
Little homes  
shattered;  
Humble folk  
carrying on  
in Malta . . .  
as in Britain . . .  
Island to Island . . .  
calling . . .  
'Carry on.'

\* \* \* \*

This war is being fought for the rights of little things—the sacred right of little folk to live their lives unmolested by big gangsters. It is being won by millions of little sacrifices, little efforts—and millions doing their 'bit.' Our duty is to make our 'bit' bigger—which means, here and now, work harder and **SAVE MORE.**

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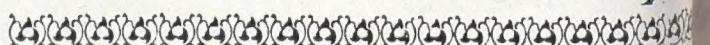
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and BYSTANDER

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Profile For Victory : By Mr. A. E. Cooper, R.B.A., A.R.C.A.

This fine painting of Mr. Winston Churchill by Mr. Alfred Egerton Cooper is probably the first profile portrait to be exhibited of the Prime Minister. It hangs in this year's Royal Academy. The artist, one of whose latest works it is, has painted many distinguished people, and is well known for his mural decorations



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Battle

THERE can hardly be any parallel in history for a general to leave the field of battle to read lessons in church more than a thousand miles away; certainly not to have made such a journey by aeroplane. It showed General Montgomery's complete confidence in the final and early outcome of the battle for Tunisia that he made his Easter pilgrimage to Cairo. He did not stay there more than a few hours, however, and even while he was there he was in constant touch with his commanders in the field and with Whitehall. This, indeed, shows how science contracts more and more the problems of space and time. It is the science of tactical bombing which will smash the Axis in Africa. Already the battle speeds to its final conclusion much quicker than was expected. Apparently there are signs—not many—that the German soldiers are beginning to feel the strain. They are cracking in some parts of the front. On the other hand, reports say that the Italians are fighting well, albeit with an acutely developed sense of fatalism. They know, and it is possible that the German soldiers also know, that there will be no Dunkirk for them. They must fight on to the end; die or be captured. Rommel will not be with them at the end, for he is recuperating from stomach trouble somewhere in the Balkans, and not resting in an Egyptian palace as he once boasted he would.

## Conflict

ON the eve of what must be a far-reaching strategical victory for the enemies of the Axis, there has arisen political conflict which, though settlement is in sight, may yet have serious repercussions. The enemies of unity among the United Nations are responsible for the dispute which flared up between Soviet Russia and the Polish Government in

London. The arch-enemy was Goebbels. He worked with diabolical skill and considerable patience to torpedo Soviet-Polish relations. Most people have known that these have never been completely happy since the British Government secured a rapprochement in the summer of 1941. Nevertheless, just before the discovery of the mass grave in which the Germans assert are more than 10,000 Polish officers supposedly shot by the Russians, there were signs of a general improvement all round in relations with Soviet Russia. This improvement was certainly felt in London, and it was to be observed in the greater news space given in Russia to the African front victories and other happenings. But Goebbels was lying in wait. He must have known that there were elements among the Poles with a fanatical hatred of Soviet Russia. With the Axis defeat imminent in Africa, he had to find something to distract the attention of the German people and impress people in occupied countries with the prospect of disunity and bitterness among the Allies. So he found this mass grave near Smolensk.

## Impetuous

BECAUSE he is cautious and statesmanlike, as well as a sound military man, General Sikorski has not a few critics among the Poles in this country, the Middle East and in the United States. They accuse him of pandering to Soviet Russia. They refuse to see Poland's problem as it is daily presented to this leader of the Poles. In spite of their tragic history, the Poles are brave and impetuous. Above all, they are politically-minded. The secret newspapers they have been allowed to print and circulate in this country have been full of politics, anti-Russian politics. Here you have the partial cause of the sudden rupture of diplomatic relations which caused a chill blast to go through Whitehall and round the White

House in Washington. When Goebbels announced the discovery of the mass grave General Sikorski had to act, because there was pressure from his ministers and opinion was rising among the Polish soldiers. It was decided to place the case before the International Red Cross for them to investigate. What a chance for Goebbels! The Germans were equally quick to invoke the aid of the Red Cross. But they had more cards in their hands than the Poles; they occupied that part of Russia where they had found the mass grave. The organisation of any evidence therefore rested with them. No wonder the Russians, who have suffered as much as the Poles from German bestiality, took umbrage. They knew what the International Red Cross investigators would find. In their impetuosity the Poles had not thought of this. But they have a good friend in Mr. Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt. Both these statesmen know the dangers of a breach in Allied unity, however small, at this time. Both set to work without delay to repair the damage, and it is possible to build new foundations to secure improved relations between Poland and Russia. Poland will have a very important part to play in the new Europe, and none knows it better than General Sikorski.

## Work

THE Prime Minister worked all through the Easter holidays, while the church bells pealed as well as when all was deadly still round Whitehall. Each day he saw the Chiefs of Staff as usual, and not until his desk was comparatively clear could he be persuaded to go to bed. Mr. Churchill prefers working after dinner and sometimes will continue until just before dawn. This has always been his custom, and the fact that he has renewed it shows that he has completely recovered from his illness. He did not make one of his periodical war statements before Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, but he will have a long report to make when Members return, and the situation in Africa is sufficiently clear to enable him to assess final results.

## Lessons

THE campaign conducted by Field-Marshal Wavell in Burma has come to an end with little to show, but a lot of lessons have been learned. These lessons will be examined by



The K.O.S.B. Inspected by the Colonel-in-Chief

The Duchess of Gloucester is Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and recently inspected battalions of the regiment. With her here is Major-General N. M. Ritchie, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (right), who formerly commanded the Eighth Army in Libya



Present at the inspection were Colonel the Duke of Buccleuch, Major-General Sir Edward Broadbent, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Colonel of the K.O.S.B.) and Brigadier E. Hakevill Smith. Major-General Broadbent commanded the K.O.S.B. from 1921 to 1923



### At a Record-Breaking Film

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, C.-in-C. Bomber Command, and Lady Harris were at the 2,263rd performance of "Gone With the Wind." Proceeds of that day were devoted to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

invasion. Indeed, there are signs that the German High Command are becoming increasingly sensitive to all second front rumours. Apparently they will rely on fighter aircraft to protect their defending troops. On the other hand British bomber production continues without interruption. Raid losses are kept well within ten per cent of the total number of aircraft employed at any time. In addition the repair organisation of the Ministry of Aircraft Production has been so perfected that damaged machines are quickly back in service after any mishap.

### Progress

HAVING lost air supremacy, Hitler has come to rely on the U-boat to interrupt Britain's war effort. Nobody can doubt the terrors of this menace, but the constant application of experts is bringing its reward. Real progress is being made in tactics and devices to defeat the U-boat. In this direction, the aeroplane is playing a very important part. Coastal Command aircraft are increasing the size of their bags and helping considerably to eliminate some of the danger, but not all, which threatens our shipping. The inventiveness of Admiralty experts is thus at last equalling the mass production methods of Hitler, who has made the submarine one of his principal weapons.

### Revolt

OUT of Italy rumours continue to flow. With them can be seen the shadows that are beginning to fall across Mussolini's rule, as well as over the Royal House. There has been talk of an anti-Government plot to arrest Mussolini and to replace him by the aged Marshal Badoglio. The source of these rumours cannot be trustworthy, but they must be regarded as indicative of the state of public opinion. The loss of Italy's African Empire has been a big blow, but apparently not as decisive as will be the final defeat of the Axis forces in Africa. When this happens, and the threat of regular and more intensive bombing of Italy comes nearer, it is suggested that King Victor Emmanuel may be involved in a popular outcry against Italy's continued participation in the war. All this, of course, depends very largely on Hitler's plans for the future, and whether he is interested in bolstering up Mussolini's failing power and the country's tragic impoverishment.



### Editors' Lunch Party

Australian editors in London recently entertained to lunch Mr. S. M. Bruce, Australian High Commissioner in London. Above (right) he is seen talking to Mr. Robert M'Gowan Barrington-Ward, editor of "The Times," another guest

the military experts in Whitehall, and will also be the subject of special discussion in the War Cabinet. The Japanese soldiers have shown an aptitude for jungle warfare which we must equal or overcome in some other way before we can afford to be complacent about the situation in the Pacific. In the air, as well as on the land and at sea, the Japanese have displayed remarkable qualities. Their most outstanding feature is their fanaticism. They fight to win or die, and they do not believe in surrender. Ultimately, however, they, like Germany and Italy, will feel the shortage of war material against the ever-increasing production of Britain and the United States. Japan's production of aeroplanes and of warships cannot, in the long run, compete with ours, and in this will lie their defeat, if fanatics can ever be forced to face defeat.

### Results

INDICATIVE of German defensive mentality at this stage of the war is the information that they are concentrating on the production of fighter aircraft. Obviously they recognise that ultimately they must meet a continental



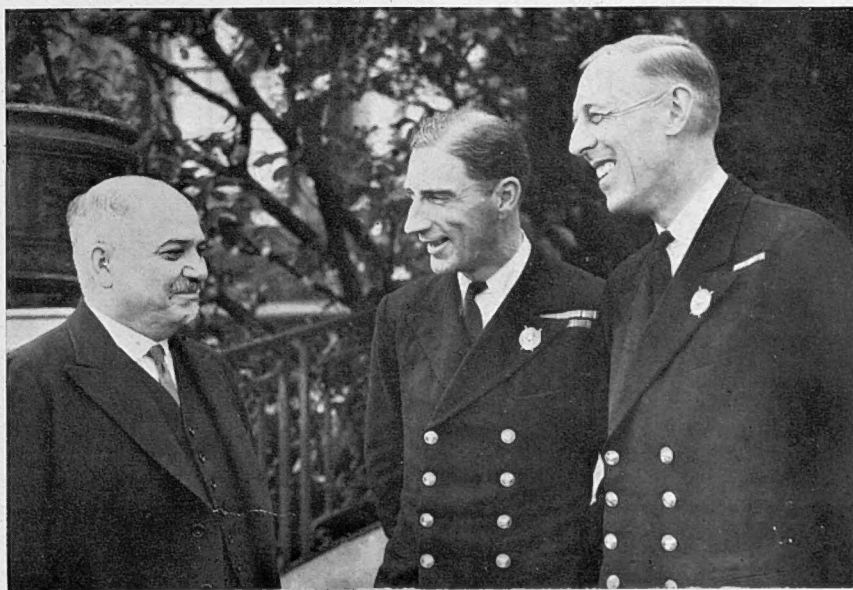
### A Demonstration for Prince Felix

In Leeds Prince Felix of Luxembourg visited the regional blood transfusion depot at the School of Medicine, and watched girls carrying out blood grouping in the laboratory. One of them showed him how it was done



### Chief of the Persia-Irak Command

General Sir Henry Pownall, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (left) recently took over his duties as G.O.C. Persia and Irak Command. He was C.-in-C. Far East in 1941, and became Chief of Staff to General Wavell in 1942



### Mr. Maisky Decorates R.N. Officers

At a reception at the Soviet Embassy, Captain Maxwell Richmond, R.N., and Captain Richard Onslow, R.N., received the Order of the Red Banner from the Soviet Ambassador (left) for valour and courage while serving with convoys going to Russia

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Mixture As Before

By James Agate

THE scene of *Mademoiselle France* (Empire) is—France. The year is 1940, just after the German occupation. The action is mainly concerned with the adventures, misadventures and peradventures of a French lady, one Michele de la Becque (Joan Crawford). Her adventures include a visit to a Nazi party where she is introduced to a sinister chief of the Gestapo (John Carradine) and a genial German Governor of Paris (Albert Bassermann), taking on a job as assistant to Madame Mantalini—sorry, Montanot—and a dance at a restaurant where, as no food is visible, it has presumably all been devoured by the conquerors. The misadventures comprise giving up her mansion, having her drawing-room converted into an office for the supply of coal, and being compelled to confine her living accommodation to the concierge's room. Together with various arrests, perilous car rides, and having to sell her only remaining jewel for sixty francs, with which at the current rate of exchange she might possibly have been able to purchase a currantless bun. (One would say "a mere bun," except that I mustn't overwork the Henry James story.)

The peradventures form most of the plot, for Michele is of the first-she-would-and-then-she-wouldn't kind. We find her attached to a French patriot (Philip Dorn) who pretends to hob-nob with the Nazis but who, of course, helps English prisoners to escape. Then she despises Philip's seemingly Nazi activities and falls in love with an American R.A.F. officer (John Wayne) who has escaped from internment. But when she finds out that Philip is true to France she loses all her love for the American airman and falls in love with Philip all over again. And presumably marries him. They always do. And live happy ever after? They seldom do.

I WAS prevented from attending the first performance by Easter and a great deal of unexpected work. Therefore, not having access to my invaluable Greek friend M. Synopsis, I couldn't make out at first who some of the characters were, so arbitrary was the casting. The German Governor was the typification of an old Parisian *vieux marcheur*. The French patriot was exactly like the pre-war type of Berlin diplomat. Madame Mantalini's spiritual home was somewhere in the Dover-Albemarle Street area. And Joan Crawford, whom we all love, is about as French as pumpkin pie. Add to this that some of the English characters in the film pretend to be French, that the German officers and soldiers talk a confused *patois* of German, English, and American, and my haziness will be understood. In fact, at first I was in two minds whether I was in Paris at all, and not even a—by the way, very beautiful—shot of an entirely deserted Bois de Boulogne could succeed in convincing me. Only when I heard a street violinist playing the slow movement from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and the band at a party playing the Overture to *Die Meistersinger*—which Michele called a March—did I realise that I was watching scenes in *La Ville Lumière*! Yes, it's that sort of film.

BUT—I ought to say therefore—this film is, and will continue to be, a great success and a huge draw. It has action, excitement and

movement. It is wildly and completely improbable. It is crammed with love and kisses. And Joan's frocks will excite the admiration and envy of every woman in the house. Indeed, so numerous and expensive-looking is Joan's wardrobe that I wondered why, when she was reduced to selling the ring, she didn't get rid of some of her silks and satins, silver fox, marabou and chinchilla. Or have those wicked Nazis closed the pawnshops? Forgive the word. And perhaps it isn't that kind of film.

A *Night to Remember* (Gaumont, Haymarket and Marble Arch Pavilion) is a melodramatic farce. Or should one say a farcical

wiles' and winning waywardnesses known to her sex. And she is a born actress. So who could that be but Loretta Young? And it is.

BUT I am not going to pretend that this is a particularly easy film to follow, even if you have steeped yourself in American detective fiction for years. The incidents follow each other with such breathless haste, and the melodrama and the farce are so inextricably mixed that even a large and more than enthusiastic audience didn't, at times, feel quite certain about what was intended to be serious and what funny; which accounted for one or two misplaced laughs. But then our American friends are strange folk who will try to make us feel merry over a room crowded with corpses, while adjuring us to be woefully earnest over the joys of A who is in love with B but not with C, and the tribulations of D who is not in love with E but is in love with F.

BESIDES Loretta and Brian whose wines need no bush, all the cast is excellent. Which brings me to a remark a woman made



"*Mademoiselle France*": Paris occupied by the Nazis—and Joan Crawford

This shot from "*Mademoiselle France*" (Empire) shows the sinister Gestapo chief (John Carradine), the amiable German Governor (Albert Bassermann), the spoilt and lovely Michele (Joan Crawford), and her final choice (Philip Dorn) who proves, after all, to be as good a patriot as he is a lover. Escapes, captures, adventures—and Joan Crawford

melodrama? At any rate it is a complicated blend of both species, comprising murder, blackmail, gangsters and an imbecile house-keeper on the one hand, and a comic couple, just married and very much in love with each other, to fit into the humorous category. These are indeed the two principal people in this film and are hardly ever off the screen. The man is a rather foolish writer of murder stories who lectures the police on their methods and mistakes, and of course is always wrong. But a tall, good-natured fellow withal, a gentleman with *bon camarade* written all over him. So who could that be but Brian Aherne? And it is. The woman is a *petite*, laughing, pouting, wriggling, snuggling and cuddling sweet, only as high as everybody's heart but possessed of all the

to me once about the cinema: "The reason I like films is because I know most of the stars' faces and I recognise them and they don't disguise themselves like the actors sometimes do. It makes me feel I am seeing old friends." I thought of this when I saw Sidney Toler with that unmistakable cynical grin, Don Costello of the macabre and sin-haunted countenance, and Lee Patrick, the blonde whose Edwardian grace reminds us of the champagnes of long ago. And this is the easy road to recognition. The great actor disguises himself only to become more recognisable than ever. But then stage acting is an art more subtle than that of the screen. And slightly older. Even the intellectuals have to admit that.



"The Light of Heart": Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino—and a Happy Ending

The Emlyn Williams play, *The Light of Heart* (Godfrey Tearle, Angela Baddeley, Anthony Ireland), has been remodelled to fit the mordant personality of Monty (The Man Who Came to Dinner) Woolley. In the film the old admirer (Sara Allgood), who backs

## Lightness of Heart

The Emlyn Williams Play Screened  
and a Crazy Melodrama-farce

his come-back, is the rich aunt of the young composer (Cornel Wild) who falls in love with the drunken old egotist's crippled daughter (Ida Lupino). When he flops as Lear, drunk again, the solution is not suicide as in the play, but marriage to his old flame



"A Night to Remember": Loretta Young, Brian Aherne—and a Murder Mystery

Fun and games in a basement flat in Greenwich City—crazy housekeeper, suspicious inmates, crime, blackmail, police, and a monster that walks by night and turns out to be a tortoise. All this and murder, too, enlivens the newly-married lives of a nice young couple. He (Brian Aherne) writes murder stories and always guesses wrong; she (Loretta Young) is—well, just Loretta Young, and in very good form too. "A Night to Remember" (even if you can't remember the plot) is at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## They Came to a City (Globe)

THE planning of Utopias must be great fun. It has engaged the dreams and ambitions of all sorts and conditions of men from Plato to Hitler. Mr. Priestley, the latest of such cosmic visionaries, is in distinguished, if somewhat mixed, company. No one would suspect him of regarding his fellow-men as pawns. The champion of Good Companionship is all for the brotherhood, not the subjection, of man. His New Order is communal, not totalitarian; and the Happy City, to which come the characters in his latest play, is one of millennial happiness. It is a city built on sociable dreams, and he presents its beauties and amenities in the form of a parable written simply, with eloquence, and from the heart. As a play, it transcends the bolder shades of realism, and has some discouraging preliminaries.

The characters are chosen for their representative status as types of the various social strata that make up the population of England today. They have a didactic purpose to serve, rather than a mere story to tell. We meet them in circumstances that challenge our interest and excite our curiosity. Are they dreamers; are they dead? we ask ourselves, as they enter the darkened scene, singly and in pairs. They range in class from daily workers to leisured aristocrats, knowing no more than we do where they are or how they came there. The first comers are a colonial governor's widow and daughter, insular and snobbish; then follow a dictatorial City magnate, a dear old charwoman with a basket of shopping, a breezy baronet with a golf club, a submissive bank clerk and his tetchy possessive wife, a fed-up waitress, and finally a ship's engineer, a rolling stone with an aggressive contempt for social moss.

These wanderers in the night are the human factors in the Utopian problem Mr. Priestley so gamely sets out to resolve. Their assembling, bewildering, self-introductions,



The discouraged waitress, Alice Foster (Googie Withers), finds the man she has been waiting for in Joe Dinmore, Jack-of-all-trades, most recently a seaman (John Clements)

mutual concern as to their whereabouts, and the exercise of their typical sympathies, antipathies, social prejudices and habits, eke out the first hour of the play, and leave us more curious to know what will happen next than enthralled by what has happened so far.

THE somewhat forbidding scene is unchanged throughout, save by light and shade, and the progress of night to day. It represents the ramparts overlooking the Happy City,

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Mrs. Bailey (Ada Reeve), an old charwoman, listens understandingly to the discussion between Lady Loxfield (Mabel Terry-Lewis) and her daughter Philippa (Frances Reeve)

and has a large, firmly shut door. It is so designed that the characters have steps to ascend and descend, and terraces to promenade. These help the producer to impose movement on a play that is more a conversation-piece than a drama of physical or emotional action. Meanwhile the talk prepares us for the various reactions of these involuntary visitors to the Happy City, which the dawn enables them to view from the ramparts, and the eventual opening of the door invites them to enter and explore.

This brings us to half-time and the interval. We have not seen (nor do we ever see) the Happy City, save vicariously, through the eyes and in the reports, critical or rhapsodic, of the characters as they return from sight-seeing to the ramparts to tell us all about it. We gather that it is primarily a city for the young, enthusiastic, and unprejudiced; though the deserving old may find peace and security there. Founded, as it would seem to be, on a Russian model, it has its indigenous features. All comers of goodwill are welcome, but woe betide slackers, snobs, commercial exploiters, complacent drones and other clogs on the Utopian machine. These are pilloried and held up to public ridicule for the edification of all true citizens.

ON the composition of this tract for the times Mr. Priestley seems to have expended more feeling than technical cunning. His sentiments are unexceptional, his eloquence free; and its more prosaic elements are probably not intended to supply a textbook for students of political economy. It is a simple, broadly outlined fable, written more from the heart than the head, and is presented as such.

The acting and production are admirably in keeping. Among several lively performances, two stand out by virtue of their tact, experienced artistry, and mellow ease. These are the admirably modulated study of the old charwoman by Miss Ada Reeve, and Mr. A. E. Matthews's imperviously cheerful baronet. Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, Miss Renee Gadd, and Miss Googie Withers articulate three variously disgruntled women; Mr. Norman Shelley gives no quarter as the hard-faced City man; and Mr. Raymond Huntley is the submissive moss which Mr. John Clements spurns with such lower-deck vigour. More a sermon preached to the converted, perhaps, than entertainment for the unregenerate, it raises many incidental questions, and takes the answers in its eloquent stride.



Malcolm and Dorothy Strutton (Raymond Huntley and Renee Gadd) are tied by old loyalties rather than present affection



The successful business man, Mr. Cudworth (Norman Shelley), advises Sir George Gedney (A. E. Matthews) on how to get on in the City

## Two Wars: Past and Present

"Abraham Lincoln" at the Playhouse

"Men in Shadow" at the Vaudeville



Rosalind Atkinson as Mrs. Lincoln



Herbert Lomas as Abraham Lincoln, with Two of His Staff



Michael Wilding has taken over the leading role of Lew in "Men in Shadow." He is seen with Frederick Berger

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" brings John Drinkwater's masterplay to the West End once more. In spite of the lapse of time since its first presentation in 1921, the play is as topical as ever. Written by a British poet about an American hero, it expresses much of the feeling which at this time unites Britain and America. The performance of Herbert Lomas is a magnificent portrait of the man, and in the current production by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie he has the fine support of the Old Vic Company, including Mr. James Harcourt as the negro preacher, Mr. Tristan Rawson as Seward and Miss Rosalind Atkinson as Mrs. Lincoln

Photographs by John Vickers



Derek Elphinstone, Michael Wilding, Robert Wilton, Paul Bonifas, Reginald Palmer and William Rodwell—shadow men of World War II.

"MEN IN SHADOW" is a play about British airmen in this present war, shot down over France, nursed and tended by French patriots and working, with them, for the Allied cause in the shadow of Nazi-occupied country. It reached its 300th performance a week ago. The cast has recently been joined by Michael Wilding, who has taken over from John Mills the leading role of Lew. Michael Wilding is the third member of the cast of Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* to play this part, the second being Bernard Miles, who deputised for John Mills during the latter's illness in the early part of the year

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### "The Season," 1943

ANOTHER series of Investitures has, by His Majesty's command, been arranged for the coming weeks, and these important functions, together with a few afternoon parties for diplomats and officials and their wives, will make up most of the royal programme for the austere wartime "season" of 1943. Receiving a medal or decoration from the King does not, of course, rank as a formal presentation at a Levée or a Court, nor is there quite the same ceremonial grandeur about an Investiture as about the more leisurely and sumptuous affairs of peacetime, but the total number of men and women who have "passed the Throne" after their names have been announced by the Lord Chamberlain, the indefatigable Lord Clarendon, runs already into thousands, and to these can be added all the others—two for each recipient of an award—invited to the Palace to watch the proceedings. The parallel between war Investitures and the Courts is carried a step further by a recent development, recalling the famous Mall queues that were the bane—or the delight—of debutantes a few years ago, until, by a wise ruling of the Court, they were forbidden, and cars, after a sort of merry-go-round of St. James's Park for half an hour, were admitted into the Palace forecourt to wait. Finding that at Investitures, as at Courts, the best seats go to early-comers, wives and relatives have been urging usually-reluctant heroes to be first at the Palace, with the result that before the gates opened at ten o'clock, an hour before the ceremony, there has been a big crowd waiting outside on the pavement. The King has now given orders for the gates of the forecourt to be opened half an hour earlier, so that early arrivals, though they will not be able to enter the Palace itself before ten o'clock, may wait in the comparative privacy of the forecourt.

### Back at Work

BACK again at his very arduous duties is Sir Alexander Hardinge, who, as Private Secretary to His Majesty, holds one of the most important positions in the country, and certainly one of the most responsible. Sir Alexander, who

is the son and heir of Baron Hardinge of Penshurst, a former Viceroy of India, has been a victim of the prevalent spring influenza which has kept him away from his desk for some little time. A Grenadier, Sir Alexander, like the Prime Minister, is an Old Harrovian, and as a young officer he had the unusual experience of acting as A.D.C. to his father during the last year of his term as Viceroy—an experience which has stood him in good stead by giving him first-hand knowledge of the Indian problems that so closely concern him now as the King's Secretary. State duties leave him little time for social activities, but Lady Hardinge, a member of the great Salisbury family, is a well-known figure in the world of charitable works, and her energetic efficiency has helped many war causes to success. Their only son, George, who was a Page of Honour to King George V., and a Trainbearer at the Coronation, is serving with the Royal Navy. The Hardinge motto is one of the most appropriate in the peerage—"Pro Rege et Patria."

### On Leave

LORD KNOLLYS, Governor of Bermuda, is over here on leave from the islands, and he and Lady Knollys have been able to see many of their old friends. A party was given in their honour by Sir Courtauld Thomson, who has known them for years. Lady Willingdon was there; so were Lady Ludlow (so seldom seen in town nowadays), Lady Theo Cadogan, Sir Louis and Lady Greig, Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, Lord and Lady Lucan, Nina, Lady Granville, and the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simon. Others included Lady Malcolm, Lord and Lady Camrose, Lord Essendon, Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, and Lady Colefax, as well as several diplomats, the Belgian Ambassador and some half-dozen of his colleagues, as well as the Swiss Minister and his tall and attractive wife.

### The Start at Headquarters

NEWMARKET opened its flat-racing season for 1943 with the Craven Meeting in glorious sunshine. Once again racing at "headquarters"

is confined to the July Course, a very sensible wartime measure, as everything is on a much smaller scale. There was a very big crowd on the first day, far more men than women, most of the men being in uniform, the Brigade of Guards being very well represented. It was a tremendously popular victory for them when Capt. John Baillie's nice colt, Response, won the second race at the good price of 100 to 8; or, better still, 14 to 1 on the Tote! Capt. Baillie, who was present to see his horse run, is now serving in the Coldstream Guards; he has always taken his racing seriously, and is one of the better type of owners with a few good horses in training. There were many beaming faces after this win.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, in mufti, had hoped to see his nice Fairway filly, Fair Fame, win the first race of the meeting, for which she started favourite, but was disappointed, as she only ran second. A disappointment, the other way round, was felt by some members of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's family, who failed to back Sir Humphrey's Prince Igor when he won the Lavenham Handicap on the second day, though, of course, they were all delighted that he had won his first race of the season. Sir Humphrey, who has always been a keen supporter of racing, has lately been busy working with Lord Ilchester and a committee on the Jockey Club's Racing Reorganisation Report, which has just been published, and will greatly improve the conditions of racing when it can be brought into force.

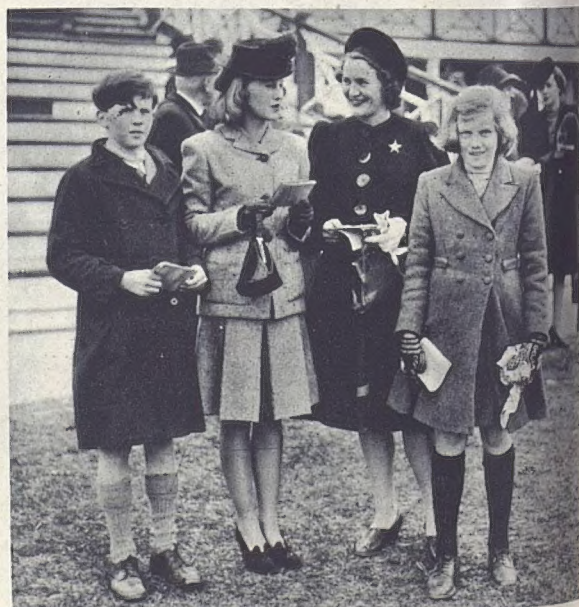
Amongst the women present were the Duchess of Norfolk, who had the satisfaction of seeing her stepfather, Lord Rosebery's, filly, Blue Cap, win. This was of particular interest, as she was bred by Lord Rosebery and is by his lovely horse Blue Peter, who won the Derby and the Eclipse for him in 1939 (and would probably have won the St. Leger, which was cancelled owing to the outbreak of war). Blue Cap is the first of Blue Peter's children to run. I hear there are several good two-year-olds by this sire in training this year, so let's hope one of them will win the first post-war Derby, as their father did the last pre-war Derby! Lady Manton, looking very pretty in a long, scarlet coat, was walking in the paddock with her husband and Major and Mrs. Charlie Mills. Lady Stavordale was having a drink with Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, the latter wearing a very short navy blue jacket (like an Eton jacket) over a blue pleated skirt. The Hon. Mrs. Gardner was enjoying the sunshine without a hat (she works hard for the Red Cross in the Newmarket district from her home at Six Mile Bottom); the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, another "local," had her younger daughter with her. Miss Lambton is a member



Mr. Robert Mount, pre-war crack amateur rider, and Mrs. More O'Ferrall studied the form. Mrs. More O'Ferrall is a well-known Irish hostess and mother of Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall, the trainer



Honeymooning in Ireland, Capt. Denis Alexander, Irish Guards, took his wife (formerly Ghislaine Dresselhuys) to Leopardstown Races. She is Lady Kemsley's daughter, and they were married in London a month ago



Lady Oranmore and Brownie had Gay and Tessa Kindersley with her. They are her children by her first marriage to Lord Kindersley's son. With them here is Mrs. Francis French Davis

### Racegoers at Leopardstown See National Lad Win the Dundrum 'Chase

Pool, Dublin



Mr. Raymond Alexander Carnegie, Scots Guards, son of Cdr. the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Carnegie, married Miss Patricia E. T. Dawson, daughter of Lt.-Cdr. Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



### Three Recent Weddings in London Churches

The Marquess of Donegal and Miss Gladys Jean Combe were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the younger daughter of the late Capt. Christian Combe and Lady Jane Seymour Combe, of Strathconon



Mr. Ivar Iain Colquhoun, R.A., eldest son of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun of Luss, married Miss Kathleen Duncan, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Atholl Duncan, and Mrs. Duncan, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

of the Land Army, and works really hard farming, being now very skilled with a plough and a tractor. Mrs. Lambton's tenants, Major and Mrs. Perry Harding, were also racing: they have a very nice flat in the Lambtons' house which they converted when their son, Teddy, now in the Middle East, and daughter joined the Forces. Another Newmarket home that is being shared is Capt. and Mrs. Bernard Van Cutsem's—they have Mrs. Bowes-Lyon (Sir Humphrey de Trafford's second daughter) and her baby and nurse living there now. I met Mrs. Van Cutsem and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, who were racing both days, with Lord Charles Cavendish and the Duke of Rutland. Capt. Van Cutsem, who, like many others, came on from General Lumsden's lecture, had his hack taken over to meet him so that he could "hack on" to the course! Many others arrived on foot and a lot on bikes!

### Among the Spectators

COMMANDER and Mrs. Scott Miller came over from their home at Balsham (he was one of the few men in naval uniform) with Major

and Mrs. Peter Herbert, who were staying with them. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood, Lord Halifax's son and daughter-in-law, were together; he is just home from the Middle East, where he has been serving with his regiment for two years.

General Herbert Lumsden, who had given what one officer described as a "super" lecture on the Middle East campaign that morning, walked most of the way to the course until someone gave him a lift. General Lumsden came home from the Middle East a few months ago, having been one of the most successful Brigadiers in the Eighth Army, and is now imparting his valuable knowledge of modern warfare to the men in this country. Others I saw were Brigadier "Minno" Prior Palmer, Col. Horsburgh Porter, the Earl of Sefton, Capt. David Heneage, Gen. "Kid" Kennedy, Major Brian Goddard (also home from M.E.F.), Major Johnnie Fass, Capt. Eric Wood, Major George Trotter (another with a house in the district), Col. Henry Abel-Smith, Capt. Tom Blackwell, Capt. Peter Cazalet, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, Lord Stavordale, Lord Andrew Cavendish,

Capt. John Pearson, Capt. Bobbie Petre, Col. Halse, Capt. Philip Dunne (who had two runners), Capt. Luke Lillingstone, Lord Graves and Major Windsor Lewis.

### Party for Heroes and Heroines

LORD QUEENBOROUGH, in spite of his eighty-odd years, is a very active president of the Royal Society of St. George, and he has arranged what should be a fine party to-day, to which he has invited all those who have been awarded the George Cross or George Medal, with their wives or near relatives. They will be given a buffet-tea, followed by the showing of Miss Rosie Newman's colour film, *England at War*. Lady Hamond-Graeme held a little informal meeting at her flat in Davies Street in connection with this when she and Mrs. Christopher Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady (Harry) Price, Lady Hague, Miss Newman and Mrs. Reginald Weber discussed the arrangements. Lady Goold-Adams and Lady Allardyce were also there. It was decided that as each George Cross or George Medal wearer arrives he should be given a rose—the emblem of the Society—for his buttonhole.

(Concluded on page 152)



Johnson, Oxford



### Two Christenings in London and in the Country

The christening of John Anthony Fitzwilliams Hyde, the son of Capt. and Mrs. A. J. Fitzwilliams Hyde, took place at Denchworth Church, Berkshire, on April 13th. Here the baby is seen with his parents after the ceremony

Andrew Wesley Howard Medlicott, son of Col. Frank Medlicott, M.P., and Mrs. Medlicott, was christened in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. Included in this group are the baby and his parents, Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., Minister of Health (left), Mr. H. D. Clark, godfathers, and Lady Claud Hamilton, godmother (right)

## “Love for Love”

John Gielgud's Brilliant Revival at the Phoenix of Congreve's Classic Comedy



*Sir Sampson* : “Here 's a rogue, brother Foresight.”

*Valentine* (John Gielgud), who has fallen under displeasure by his expensive way of living, seeks out his father, *Sir Sampson Legend* (Cecil Trouncer), at the home of *Mr. Foresight* (Miles Malleon), to raise money for payment of his debts



*Mrs. Foresight* : “O, the devil, that I could not discover her without betraying myself.”

*Mrs. Frail* (Yvonne Arnaud) is questioned by her half-sister, *Mrs. Foresight* (Marian Spencer), on her recent behaviour in travelling alone in a carriage accompanied by an unknown gallant



*Valentine* : “We'll be married in the dead of night, but say not a word.”

*Valentine*, in a last attempt to awaken the love of *Angelica*, *Foresight's* niece and a lady with a cold heart and a considerable fortune, feigns madness. He is visited in his rooms by *Mrs. Frail*, to whom he puts all manner of outrageous proposals, to the lady's consternation



*Mrs. Foresight* : “You don't think to succeed in your design upon me.”

*Mrs. Foresight* is not averse to a little flirtation when it comes her way. She is easily charmed by the gallant *Scandal* (Leon Quartermaine)

● *Love for Love*, presented by H. M. Tennent, Ltd., in association with C.E.M.A., is Mr. John Gielgud's fourth wartime production, and has not been seen in the West End for more than seventy years. The brilliance of this revival may be judged by the cast which Mr. Gielgud has gathered together. With settings by Rex Whistler, costumes by Jeannetta Cochrane, and music of the period arranged by Mr. Leslie Bridgewater, it is a production richly extravagant in all the best the theatre has to offer



Nurse: "O, you young harlotry!"

Miss Prue (Angela Baddeley), daughter to Foresight by a former wife, a silly, awkward country girl, falls for the advances of old Tatle (Leslie Banks), a half-witted beau, and is packed off in disgrace by her old nurse (Naomi Jacob), protesting noisily



Tattle: "I hope you are secret in your nature. Private? Close? Ha?"

Tattle is groomed for his latest conquest by Jeremy (Max Adrian), servant to Valentine, who pretends he is seeking new employment

Beaton



Mrs. Frail: "Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me?"

Mrs. Frail is determined to find a husband, and having heard that Valentine is to be disinherited and his brother, Sailor Ben, is to succeed to the Legend estates, lays herself out to charm the young man home from the sea (George Woodbridge)



Angelica: "Here is my hand. My heart was always yours."

Only at the last moment is Valentine's devoted love rewarded by Angelica (Rosalie Crutchley). Angelica, by her wit and beauty, has secured from Sir Sampson the paper signed by Valentine disposing of his heritage. Happily she destroys the paper as she confesses her love

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another  
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**S**CEPTICAL old crusty that we are (*salva Fide*), we find ourselves still looking down our finely-chiselled snuzzle somewhat at that story the Fleet Street boys recently featured about the Soldier (Eighth Army) Who Didn't Know It Was Montgomery.

Once every year in peace-time regularly it's the Old Lady Who Didn't Know It Was The Queen. The explanation, in our deplorable view, is that the Press boys, our soulmates, being romantics to the marrow, keep remembering the Arabian Nights of their infancy and burst spontaneously into *tralala*. Observe, however, that this never happens in Scotland, where they once had a real Haroun-al-Raschid, namely stocky, bustling, popular little James V, known as the Gudeman of Ballinbreich, who used to dodge round Edinburgh (also Paris) nightly in disguise, on the lookout for fun and games, pointed out by one and all. Only once did James Stuart get into a bother over this addiction, apparently. Flirting with a village wench at Cramond Brig near Queensferry, he was set on by her betrothed and the locals, and, hitting out sturdily, was rescued just in time by one Jock Howieson, wielding a flail. The head of the Howieson-Crauford family of Braehead to this day has the right of presenting to any reigning monarch passing through Cramond Brig the ceremonial ewer, basin, and towel. Whether the locals of Cramond Brig Didn't Know It Was The King, the historians of Scotland don't say.

Our suggestion is that every news-story of the kind quoted above should be boldly labelled: "Arabian Nights Dept., Exclusive." Then nobody need feel angry or shamed.

## Sniff

**A**LL the famous perfume-factories of Grasse (Alpes-Maritimes) have apparently been closed down by the Germans; reminding any one who has ever approached Grasse by train and been overwhelmed by the swooning sweetness of the local breeze that the human nose has functions beyond being the central ornament of the Island Pan and the chief jewel of its mysterious, mournful charm. You get the same realisation on approaching the cheese-factories of Limberg, but more strongly.

The most sensitive human snout in the world, an Oriental traveller assures us, is that of the average Chinese tea expert. Simply by holding his nose over a sample of tea, this authority can tell you from which Bohean mountain plantation it comes, to which Buddhist monastery the plantation belongs, the approximate date of picking, the degree of heat used in maturing, and the kind of delicate perfumes—such as plum blossom—by which its fragrance has been influenced. Naturally this wouldn't be the kind of tea the Chinese export for barbarian stomachs, smiling subtly.

## Footnote

**T**HE nearest Western approach to this we know of is the nose of a connoisseur who can tell blindfold in three sniffs if a Liberal M.P. has been in the room, and further, whether it was a National Liberal,



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"I've just heard the first Home Guard"

a Simonite, a Wee Free, or a Lloyd-Georgite, or a common Grey Whig with the black markings round the muzzle (to be carefully distinguished from the almost extinct Black Hanoverian species, now found only in a wild state in certain parts of Wales). This gift makes this chap popular with nervous hostesses.

## Sign

**T**wo facets of the multiple Churchill Personality noted by H. V. Morton in his brilliant and historic piece of special reportage, *Atlantic Meeting*, just published, charm us mightily.

The first is that, bleak and cutting and Hamlet-esque as he can be when he likes, the Prime Minister is equally a rosy blend of Falstaff and Pickwick, "with something of Mr. Pickwick's determination," says Morton, "that everyone shall have a good time whether he wants to or not." The second is that the Prime Minister has a Puckish streak which has inspired him to put across the world the "V for Victory" sign with the fingers; formerly, as well known, a snook made in derision by rude little boys. When we see this sign made at village War Savings rallies by highly respectable dowagers we choke. Like folkdancers dancing round the Maypole, the ultimate symbolism of which is so embarrassing, they little know.

## Tip

**O**NE more historic sign serves us personally in good stead against all Servile State world-planners, warlocks, and sorcerers, Bloomsbury prigs, P.E.N. Club witches, Science charlatans, and a myriad other scourges: namely, the classic sign against the Evil Eye, the *jettatore*. This is made by sticking out the first and little fingers like horns, closing the thumb over the



"It's an old house, but I haven't so much as seen a mouse since we've been here."

(Concluded on page 142)

# Royal Academy, 1943 : Portraits of Women

The Two Paulines



*The Countess of Inchcape :  
by David Jagger*



*Pauline, 1943 : by James Gunn*



*Lady Bedingfeld : by David Jagger*



*Mrs. T. S. Barclay : by W. H. de Glehn*



*Pauline, Daughter of Randle Jackson, Esq. :  
by T. C. Dugdale*



*Miss Diana Harding Newman :  
by W. H. de Glehn*

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Royal Academy Portraits of Men on page 149

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

rest of the hand, held down. While making this valuable sign you may spit sideways. No formula is needed, though the powerful words *Xaxacan bachachuch Imshi parapolimenon hajalith* may be used if desired, causing the object to wither away in the night.

## Contretemps

PROPOS folkdancing, what we missed considerably, once more, during the Easter holidays down our way, was the band of kind earnest ladies and gentlemen who used in peace-time to pop down from London, all over bells, pipes, and tabors, to give us a basinful of Ye Olde Rustycke Merrie-Merrie.

Only once was this performance marred by a curious incident. This was in 1928. As the fragrant old dance, or branle, called *Lumps o' Muck* was well under way, a huge lady in flowing crimson trousers and a yashmak, all over clashing brass jewellery, suddenly joined the folk-boys and girls and began a spirited rendering of the Belly-Dance (*danse du ventre*) of the Ouled Nails, rolling kohl-darkened eyes and crying, "Hai! Yai!" "Evidently," remarked the Rector at length, with an embarrassed cough, "a spontaneous tribute to our native art from one of our gallant, if volatile, French neighbours." The enormous dancer at once ceased her gastric evolutions and said brusquely to our secretary, Miss Turmsey,

"Excuse me, but is this Anatolia?"  
The rather acid conversation ensued:

"Oh, dear, no!"  
"Are you sure?"  
"Of course I'm sure!"  
"What is it, then?"  
"Sussex, of course!"  
"My mistake."

With which remark the Oriental lady vanished immediately into thin air and the entertainment proceeded with *Rumbelow's Hey, Slummocky Joan, Turmuts All a'Blowing*, and the customary programme, which was highly appreciated by all present, as usual, excepting maybe the onlookers.

## Fiasco

FASCINATED by the famous Mohun-Bracegirdle abduction case, to which we lightly alluded the other week, a naval reader begs for more details, saying that his wardroom execrates vice and adores virtue, and especially the virtue of sweet little West End leading ladies.

Well, three things foiled wicked young Lord Mohun and his rakehell young friend Captain Richard Hill that December night of 1691 near Drury Lane stage-door: (1) his Lordship and the Captain were excessively drunk; (2) Mrs. Bracegirdle's Mamma, who clung to her daughter's waist when Mohun's armed thugs tried to hustle her into the waiting coach, was excessively tough; and (3) the ravishing Mrs.

Bracegirdle's yells were excessively loud, so that the watch came up to the rescue. The real business of the evening came later, when Mohun and Hill, having mumbly apologised and followed Mrs. Bracegirdle and her escort home to apologise further, had the door slammed in their faces. It then occurred to Captain Hill, who was greatly vexed, that the actor William Mountford was the hound who was thwarting him of Mrs. Bracegirdle's favours, so an hour later Hill and Mohun caught Mountford in Howard Street, Strand, on his way home, and Hill ran him through the body, *paf*. The Captain then fled, leaving Mohun to stand his trial for murder. He was acquitted by a majority of 69 fellow-peers to 14.

## Sequel

BUT our little naval readers will note with gratification that wickedness meets its reward. Eight years later Mohun (a byword for depravity) was involved in another murder-charge in a mixed duel and again acquitted. Thirteen years after that, in 1712, the Duke of Hamilton managed to run him fatally through the stomach in a duel in



"Henry, dear, the poor things have come on a false alarm. Couldn't we start a little fire for them?"

Hyde Park just before dying himself, age 37. It is better to be good, like the present Cabinet. A tough mother used to all-in wrestling is also useful, maybe.

## Thriller

GROUSING about the way some of the current crime-fiction boys are now padding out their stuff to absurd lengths with flaffa and poodle-pie, a critic claims this is a sign they are becoming written out, or in other words palsied.

This may be so, for no good crime-story needs a lot of padding and whimsy-whamsy. One of the best and shortest we know is an old Spanish one. Two poor scholars tramping one day from Xaen to Salamanca stopped in the fiery noonday heat to drink at a wayside fountain, under which they discovered a stone slab faintly inscribed: *Aquí esta encerrada el alma del licenciado Gil Perez*—"Here lies buried the soul of the licentiate Gil Perez." With a cynical shrug one of the scholars drank and continued his journey. As the other, scenting some mystery, was staring at the slab, a cheery voice behind him said: "I'd take a jolly good stab at it if I were you, old fruit." Buried gold jolly well indicated, what?

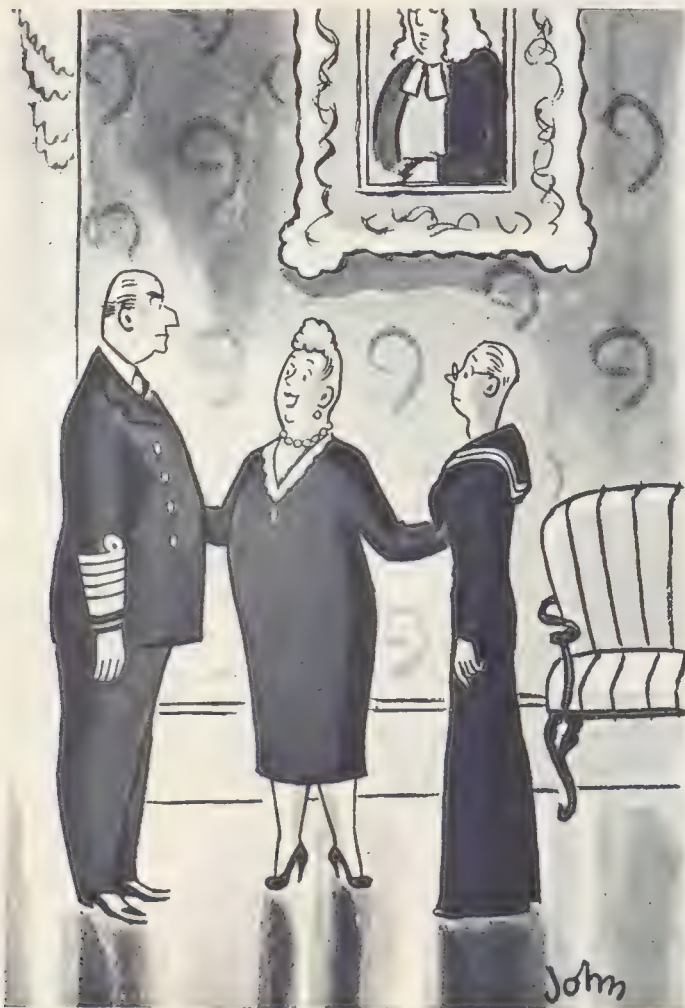
"Wimsey?" asked the scholar, shuddering.

"Bull's-eye, old boy."

The poor scholar at once sprang at Wimsey and after a short, sharp struggle strangled him, after which all the bells of Spain, Italy, England, Ireland, Europe, France and Navarre rang merrily for 15 days on end and the poor scholar was given £10,000 and made Master of Balliol.

If that was a crime, this is what we call an ideal non-padded crime-story.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Egbert here has the complete answer to the U-boat problem"



*The Front Door On the North Side*



*The South Front of Dorneywood*

## Another Gift to the Nation

**Sir Courtauld Thomson  
Gives Dorneywood, His  
Home in Buckinghamshire**

Through the generosity of its owner, Sir Courtauld Thomson, Dorneywood, with its contents and 200 acres of land adjoining Burnham Beeches, is to become a second Cheltenham, for the use of Ministers of the Crown, to enable them to entertain overseas visitors and to hold informal conferences. The estate, given through the National Trust and accepted by Mr. Churchill on behalf of the Government, will on the death of Sir Courtauld and his sister, Miss Winifred Thomson, become the absolute property of the Prime Minister of the day. Dorneywood is the third gift of this kind to the nation this year, following that of Cliveden by Lord Astor, and of Killerton by Sir Richard Acland, M.P.



*Sir Courtauld Thomson, who has made this magnificent gift to the nation, is Chairman of the Red Cross Sales, and has been instrumental in raising vast sums for the organisation*



*A View of the Drawing Room*



*The Beautifully Furnished Hall at Dorneywood*

# "The Quest" (1)

A Story from Spenser's "Faerie Queene"  
Danced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, with  
Choreography by Frederick Ashton, Music  
by William Walton, Decor by John Piper

● Nearly two years ago, Frederick Ashton, choreographer and dancer of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, was called up. Early this year he was given special leave from the R.A.F., in which he is a Flying Officer, to create a ballet for the Wells. The first pages of William Walton's music were written at the end of the last London season, and rehearsals began at once on the Spenserian theme which Ashton had chosen, and went on throughout a seven-week provincial tour. The Company returned to London at the end of March, their arrival at the New Theatre almost coinciding with that of the first bars of the musical score. A week's final rehearsing, and the five-scene ballet, with John Piper's costumes and dresses, was ready for its first performance on April 6th. Four days later, Ashton's leave ended. *The Quest* is now in Liverpool, where the Sadler's Wells Ballet began a two-week season on April 13th.



**Scene 1. Outside the House of Archimago.** St. George and Una, lost in a wild and stormy wood, fall under the black magic of Archimago, whose minions are two Bats and a Female and a Male Servant. Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn represent the Red Cross Knight and Truth in the Spenserian allegory. Leslie Edwards as Archimago is no suave and obvious hypocrite, but an unexpectedly uncouth and anxious deceiver. His fluttering Bats are Lorna Mossford and Pauline Clayden; the Servants are Celia Franca, sinuous and dramatic, and Anthony Burke.



**Scene 1.** St. George, tricked by a disguise thinking the Female Servant is Una, tries to kill her when he finds her receiving the embraces of the Male Servant (Anthony Burke).

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



**Scene 3. The Palace of Pride.** Pride (Moirá Shearer) is the brazen, flaunting Queen who rules the tawdry magnificence of the Palace. Surrounding her here are four more of the Seven Deadly Sins: Lechery (Anthony Burke), Gluttony (Ray Powell), Avarice (Gordon Hamilton) and Sloth (Nigel Desmond).



**Scene 3.** Into the Palace of Pride comes first St. George, led by Duessa, who attacks St. George when he sees the Red Cross Knight carrying the wounded Una. The fight between Sansjoy (David Paltenghi) and St. George (Robert Helpmann) is the most exciting of the four finely contrived duels in the ballet; it is fought with shields, with swords, and finally, by St. George, with no weapons but his hands.



**Scene 2. Near the Palace of Pride.** In front of lurid and fantastic rocks, the three Saracen knights, Sansfoy, Sansloy and Sansjoy, offer their swords to the beautiful and faithless Duessa, who chooses Sansfoy as her cavalier. Franklin White is the Faithless, David Paltenghi the Joyless, and Alexis Bousine the Lawless Knight. Beryl Grey, whose smiling, shameless Falsehood is the counterpart of Margot Monteyn's serene Truth, dances brilliantly the rapid and intricate pas which Ashton has given her



**Scene 2.** Duessa dances a pas de deux with her chosen cavalier, Sansfoy, which is interrupted by the entry of St. George. In the fight which follows, St. George kills Sansfoy, and Duessa first shrinks from and then fascinates the victor



**Scene 3.** St. George has killed Sansjoy, and Duessa, who secretly urged Sansjoy to strike St. George down, falls mourning on the Saracen's dead body. St. George, no longer dazzled by Duessa's evil seductions nor tempted by the arrogant beauty of Pride, takes up his sword and shield and, solitary and disillusioned, leaves the Palace of Pride, to meet with further conflict and adventure before the final scene. Pictures and story of the last two scenes will appear in next week's issue



The Earl of Verulam, who gave the bride away, is here with her mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan. His second son married the bride's sister in 1938

Archbishop Lord Lang of Lambeth officiated at the wedding ceremony, which took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on April 17th. Elisabeth Grimston, the bride's niece, and Tommy Gore, nephew of the bridegroom, were wedding attendants. A picture of the bride and bridegroom appears on another page



## Family and Friends

At the Wedding of  
Mr. I. I. Colquhoun  
and Miss K. Duncan



The Hon. Mrs. John Grimston brought her daughters, Hermione and Elisabeth, who was a bridesmaid



Above is the Duke of Rutland with his mother, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Colquhoun (the bridegroom's mother) and Lord John Manners, after the ceremony

Photographs by  
Swaebe

Left: Lord Andrew Cavendish and his wife (formerly Deborah Muford), and Mr. Parker Bowles were photographed on the steps by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Gore, the bridegroom's sister



Lady Dashwood came to the reception with her only daughter, Sarah, who is in the W.R.N.S.



Mr. Ivan Foxwell, film producer, now in the Royal Norfolk Regiment, was with Lord and Lady Tavistock



Lady Loder, Sir Giles Loder's wife, and Mrs. R. Westmacott were amongst those at the reception



Above are Miss Mary Colquhoun, Miss Angela Jackson, Tommy Gore and Miss Camilla Wallak



Three more guests there were Miss Penelope Henderson, Mr. Bourne May and Mr. Llewellyn

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Apposite—Up to a Point!

"My power depends upon my glory and my glory on the victories I have gained. My power will fall if I do not base it on fresh glories and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can enable me to maintain my positions."—From the "Maximes" of Napoleon I.

The author of these famous aphorisms was a general and not a charlatan or a man stuffed with sawdust; but the above applies accurately in other respects to an adventurer who is not a general and is a man of straw.

## Reorganising Racing: A Private Suggestion

THE short answer to the many suggestions put forward by the Racing Reorganisation Committee appointed by the Jockey Club in 1941 was given by the Senior Steward, Lord Sefton, in the three letters "f s. d." His Lordship said that if the more important suggestions were to be carried out a vast sum of money would have to be made available "from the Totalisator or some other source." I have taken the liberty of using my own italics. I further crave leave to refer to a recent note in these pages, which referred to the big sweepstake run by the Royal Calcutta Turf Club on the Derby, from which the happiest financial results had accrued, enabling that Club to decrease the cost to run to the owner, increase the stake money and provide greater amenities for the public in the way of spacious and up-to-date stands, first-rate catering arrangements and very moderate costs to view.

I gather from the evidence collected by the Reorganisation Committee that these are, in their opinion, the most important things—as, indeed, they should be. England lags far behind both India and Australia in all these things. In the recent note to which reference is made, it was pointed out that the Calcutta Derby Sweep, being run under the ægis of a recognised and distinguished club, although it might sail right up into the eye of the wind of the law, which says that public sweepstakes are illegal, has not been held to infringe the statute. The Jockey

Club is an organisation of higher stature than the R.C.T.C. Why not follow that Club's example and thus find those sinews of war of which there is such great need? The owner, who provides the show, has to pay far too great a contribution to the stakes for which he competes. Entrance money and forfeits are unduly high in many cases in ratio to the prizes, and on top of this come training and travelling expenses. This last, the Committee say, should merit relief from the Jockey Club.

Just as I close these notes we get the news of the deeply-regretted death of one of the best-loved men in England, the Duke of Portland, who was a kinsman of Lord George Bentinck, who was one of the greatest reformers in Turf matters of his time. Further details of the Duke of Portland's career must perforce be held over.

## Feeding the Racing Public

UNDER this head the existing facts are scarcely arguable. The quality and the service at race meetings are both very inferior and the prices high. There is only one point of difference between the conditions prevailing on racecourses and those which are permitted to obtain in this time of war in the "smart" restaurants—namely, that the customer is not waited upon by servants of enemy origin. In other respects the two cases are on all-fours; there is not value for money and the charges are exorbitant. As regards "seats in the theatre"—i.e., provision of better stands for all who pay to go in—this surely hinges upon the suggestion put forward for finding the key to the golden door by following the lead of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. A suggestion to run a Jockey Club Sweep sounds, as I fully realise, so revolutionary as to amount to impiety, but other times other manners, and though it might smack of a loss of dignity, I do not seem to remember that the Calcutta Turf Club has suffered in that regard. There is another saying which bears upon the case: "Needs must when the Devil drives."

(Concluded on page 148)



## After a Naval Engagement

Lt.-Cdr. Peter Scott, M.B.E., R.N.V.R. (artist son of the Antarctic explorer), commanded one of three ships taking part in a recent successful action against enemy trawlers. He is seen on his arrival back in port after the engagement.



## Inspecting West African Troops

Gen. Sir George Giffard inspects the guard at his headquarters. G.O.C.-in-C., West Africa since 1941, he has been responsible for building up the well-equipped forces under his command.



## C.O.s of Coastal Forces

Lt.-Cdr. J. S. Cambridge, D.S.C., the late Lt.-Cdr. Robert Dickens, D.S.O., D.S.C., and Lt. P. G. C. Dickens, M.B.E., D.S.C., were photographed together shortly before Lt.-Cdr. Dickens lost his life.



## R.N. Rugby Player

Lt. Arthur Simmonds, R.N., English Rugby centre-three-quarter, while at the R.N. Engineering College, scored 139 points out of the total of 392 points gained by the side in their 26 matches.



D. R. Stuart

## R.A.F. Players in Patrick Hamilton's "Gas Light"

The actors gave the performance to entertain fellow-members at their station. Sitting: F/O. M. G. Wakefield (stage manager), S/O. Phyllis Chaplin, F/O. P. Wardle. Standing: Elizabeth J. Holmes, R. F. Morley, G. H. J. Spray, H. Sheeds, Nancy W. Stevens.

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

### Other Matters

SOME other suggestions that have been made by the Reorganisation Committee include one that, when possible, there should be two judges in the box. Here again India and the Colonies have given us a lead. When there is a bustling finish, a single official has all his time taken up watching the leading horses, of which, conceivably, there may be four or five all in a bunch, and although the judge is concerned only to place three of them, there is always present the possibility of objection and disqualification. It is here that the second judge comes in, and he is also a great aid to the handicapper in placing the field as it passes the post. In India, in addition to the two judges, there was a timekeeper, who pressed the button, stopping the electric clock, as the winner reached the winning line. The release of the starting gate had set the clock going. Whether the timing of races in this country, where hardly any two courses are alike, and our climate is so apt to cause violent variations in the racing surfaces, would be of as much aid to the student of form as it is in countries where racing is more centralised and the weather conditions more settled, is a moot point. Course records are always useful, but the state of the galloping surface has even then to be taken into consideration. Time tests I think are often more misleading than informative, for so many factors enter into things. Any analogy with greyhound racing is non-existent. I hope that the suggestion for a radio commentary in running will not be adopted on the course.

### In the Dark

IT is suggested that, with one notable exception—Tipstaff—we are in an almost complete black-out where the 1943 three-year-old form is concerned, and that until the Two Thousand (May 18th) has been run and won it is further suggested that we may remain so. The moment anything wins early on, we are certain to hear something about "a dark horse for the Derby," and as often as not this information costs the wishful thinker, anxious for a long shot, quite a bit of money. It is always less expensive to wait for Something that has beaten "Something" that has established its claim in public to be Something! Sounds a bit complicated, but it is really quite simple. There is a case before us at the moment—Mr. Hedley's slashing big colt, Merchant Navy. He may be everything the enthusiasts say, and more, but the hard fact is that he has only run away from a field which I should rate moderate seller class. Merchant



Ellis, Bodmin

### A Gymkhana for Charity at Tregenna Castle, St. Ives

Mrs. C. D. Phillips organised the Gymkhana in aid of the Polish Welfare Fund and of the Comforts Fund of the 3rd King's Own Hussars, in which regiment her late husband was a major. Above are three prizewinners: Mrs. L. Oats on Tango, Miss M. Ryder-Richardson on Tregenna Pure Gold, and Miss J. Laity on Chamreen.

Navy may deliver the goods, and he is certainly not the hat-rack of a colt that some earlier reports said that he was, but quite as well furnished as are most of his compeers after such an accommodating winter and balmy spring. Some people have crabbed him because of his size—he is over 17 hands—but many a big one has won even over the Epsom Downs (and Ups); besides, Epsom does not come into this picture. Size is no handicap, provided that conformation is right. This colt is not all legs with no middle-piece—far from it—but cantering away from a lot of moderates is no sort of hall-mark. In March, Merchant Navy was quoted at 25 to 1 for the Derby; now he is at 10 to 1. This is exactly the point at which I am getting. Take another case: Way In was at 40 to 1 in a March quotation; now, because he has won this seven furlongs Southern Stakes at Salisbury, he is a 10 to 1 chance for the Derby and 8 to 1 for the Guineas, for which he was also quoted at 40 to 1 on March 1st. He beat Fun Fair (formerly the Humoresque colt) a length at Salisbury, Fun Fair's best performance having been when he beat Panda three-quarters of a length over six furlongs at Salisbury last August. Panda had then just run second in that close finish in the Amport Stakes, also at Salisbury, to Sulphurous, Tipstaff (giving 10 lb. all round) third—neck, short head. This is the race Tipstaff had practically won, in the same way as he had the Southern Stakes. I submit that this is the only positive information we have got so far—namely, that Tipstaff,

however good he may be, will not face the music. I am told that he had been tried quite good enough to win any Guineas, hence his sudden rush upwards in the market, and hence his short price at Salisbury. All this applies equally to Pink Flower, who has won the Shelford Stakes at Newmarket.

### The Irish C.N. and a Hat-Trick

THE Hon. Dorothy Paget has finished the jumping season and started the flat one of 1943 in simply terrific form, for she has to be congratulated upon winning the Irish Grand National on one side of the St. George's Channel and a hat-trick at Windsor on the other one, her wins being, at the latter, with that good colt Straight Deal, who will carry her colours in the Derby for certain, and probably in the other two classics as well—and two of her two-year-olds. Miss Paget's Irish National winner was Golden Jack, who ran second in this chase last year to Prince Regent. He has now reversed the placing with Mr. J. V. Rank's champion, whom he was meeting on 22 lb. better terms. Only the most fragmentary details of the race are to hand, but, personally, I am inclined to believe that Prince Regent left the I.G.N. behind him at Leopardstown on March 20th. However, at the moment we know next to nothing. As to Straight Deal, he beat nothing at Windsor on that day when Gordon Richards topped Fred Archer's total. If Straight Deal had not won as comfortably as he did, it would have been no good going on with him.



### Opening Ceremony of Mr. R. S. Hudson's Hostel for Women Land-Workers

Mr. R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, made a speech at the inauguration of the hostel, provided by himself and his wife for women working on his estate, Manor Farm, near Marlborough. At the table are the Hon. Mrs. Methuen, Mr. Donald McCullough and Miss Penelope Ripman.

After the speeches Mrs. Hudson poured out the tea for Mrs. Donald McCullough, whose husband is a member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, and Miss S. Garret, one of the Land Girls.

# Royal Academy of Art, 1943

## Portraits of Men



*Dr. Carbett, Archbishop of York :  
by William Dring*



*The Lord Leathers of Purfleet :  
by James Gunn*



*Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, K.C.V.O.,  
C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D. :  
by Francis Hodge*



*Major E. Wilson, V.C. :  
by Henry Lamb, A.R.A.*



*Major General Sir William Dobbie :  
by Henry Lamb, A.R.A.*



*Captain The Lord Ashbourne, R.N. :  
by A. K. Lawrence, R.A.*

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## What is Justice?

"WHAT is truth?" asked Pilate. And young Abner Coates, the Assistant District Attorney, has occasion to ask himself, during the hot June days of the murder trial in Childerstown courthouse, "What is justice?" Abner is the central figure, one might say hero, of an outstandingly good American novel, *The Just and the Unjust*, by James Gould Cozzens (Cape; 9s. 6d.).

*The Just and the Unjust* has been the Book Society's fiction choice for the month—and I can very well see why. The novel seems to me worthy to stand beside Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy* and John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* as a comprehensive, at once sober and brilliant, picture of an American scene. Childerstown is a small, decent place, a county-town that dates from the seventeenth century, that has grown, certainly, but not grown out of all knowledge, that has kept the original sturdiness of the men who made it, that has moved with the times, but not become glaringly modern. With its lawyers and business men, bankers and high-school teachers, journalists, tradesmen, "young marrieds," chattering spinsters, feckless widows and pretty girls, the town society is a little world in itself—a world it has taken all kinds to make. There is something right-and-tight about Childerstown—in the main. Tree-planted, it stands on a hill overlooking pleasant country. And its people take an equable view of life.

For ten years, only minor offences against the law have come, the way of the district attorney's office. Even now, it is only by accident that the Childerstown jurors are confronted by a major and ugly crime—a kidnapping that has culminated in murder, the unpleasing corpse of the victim raised from the creek. The two men now on trial, their fellow-crook who is trying to save himself by pleading guilty and turning State's evidence, and the victim himself, the late Fred Zollicoffer, are all of them "foreigners," in the local sense. They are men of the big cities, professionals of the crime world, dope-traders. They are not even big shots in the Hollywood sense: they are as seedy as they are shady. In fact, they are a very odd lot of fish to be washed up on the quiet Childerstown shore. They happen to be on trial in the Childerstown courthouse, because their activities took them across the county line. The fatal bungalow and the fatal creek place the crime inside the Childerstown jurisdiction. Up to a point—but only up to a point—the nice little town may be grateful for the sensation. But it also has its resentments: it feels it has been abused.

It is Abner who opens the case for the Commonwealth. And it is through the eyes, and in terms of the feeling, of this young lawyer that we follow the proceedings, from day to day. We see his chief, Bunting, we see Harry

Wurts, the ruthless and bouncing counsel for one defendant, and George Stacey, the eager but inexperienced counsel for the other. We watch the Judge, the jurors and the witnesses. And we feel, with Abner, the almost fantastic contrast between the safe, small-town community and the outlaws on trial for their lives.

## Work and Play

BUT is the contrast so great? The story—and herein lies the strength of it—is by no means confined to the courthouse. Every one of these evenings, when the court is adjourned, the Childerstown characters return to domestic or social life. In their homes, at the offices where their ordinary work awaits them, at parties, during romantic *tête-à-têtes* at the roadhouse, private indecisions, ambitions and self-reproaches resume their normal sway. On Abner, the strain of the trial is having a curious effect—he finds himself reconsidering his whole life. He examines his motives, his relations with other people—his semi-paralysed father, the old Judge, and the delightful Bonnie, whom Abner is slowly courting.

One feels the atmosphere of the small town, and one feels the influence of the June weather—the girls in their cotton dresses crossing the square outside the courthouse, the hilarious evening party on the barge being towed by mules along the old canal. Outside court, the four young lawyers are on excellent terms—



Johnson, Oxford

## Surrealism at Oxford

Lord David Cecil, author and Oxford Don, and Mr. Paul Nash, the well-known painter and designer, are seen discussing a surrealist work, shown at the Exhibition of Applied Design at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford

and the (one would think) indiscreet Harry Wurts is not above discussing the whole affair.

Mr. Cozzens's character-drawing could not be better. Abner and his father, the impossible Cousin Mary (Bonnie's mother), Harry Wurts and Bonnie herself are masterpieces. But *The Just and the Unjust* seems to me finally admirable for the long view of human affairs it takes; the realism and sanity of its judgments. Here is a novel containing something rare—a number of characters that one respects: be it added that these men and women are neither prigs nor bores. I feel I should warn the reader that the first few pages—the opening scenes in the court—may be found rather slow, even heavy, going. But soon one is gripped by the people, the situation. And from then on one finds *The Just and the Unjust* almost impossible to put down.

## She Preferred to Live

"FROSSIA," by E. M. Almedingen (The Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), is the story of a young Russian girl whose love of life amounted to the heroic. Her family, aristocratic victims of the Revolution of 1917, have found themselves, as chaos spreads year by year through the country, at bay in their country house near Kiev. To avoid falling into the hands of the Bolsheviks, they decide to commit suicide *en masse*: they regard this not as an act of fear, but as a final gesture of contempt for the rabble. Haughtily, they are quitting an altered world. But twenty-four-year-old Frossia has her own, different, courage: she has her own individual line to take. From the drawing-room where the grandmother is already uncorking the rose-coloured poison phials, Frossia, rebellious, turns and flees. It is not so much that she fears death as that she insists upon living life, come what may.

So we find her, packed among other passengers, in

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOW easy it is to assume virtue when you have no particular temptation to be other than virtuous! How gaily we condemn people for their faults when these faults are not our faults, nor their weakness our weakness! On the other hand, how we hate them when they get away with one of our own vices without the punishment which fate usually metes out to us! Our common consolation therefore is to laud our Better-Side in those instances of moral will-power which never really gave us one small desire to weaken in our resolve. Thus, instead of thanking Heaven or Heredity for making us immune from certain sins, we love to preen our moral feathers and congratulate ourselves on being above falling into certain temptations which others have found irresistible.

Therefore, when I listened to the sedate "tabbies" of the hotel lounge declaring unanimously that a man's character should be judged by his faults, I knew instinctively that they had just been to church and confessed not one single sin. Personally, I rather like a few vices in my friends, just as I like a little dust in a room. It lends a human, companionable feeling to the general atmosphere. Especially if the "sin" is openly acknowledged and the dust is not entirely hidden beneath the sofa. I never yearn after the company of Saints. I think it must be very dull. I even sometimes like to play with the idea of certain sins, simply because I know they hold no real temptation for me.

At the recent exhibition of "Nineteenth Century French Paintings" at

the National Gallery there was a snow-scene by Monet which made me deeply regret that among my near-ancestors there wasn't a burglar! I could have stolen it with great pleasure, had I not known that my crime would have been detected before I got the picture detached from the wall! A sin is never a real sin unless you are an expert in that particular form of sinning. An isolated fall-into-temptation usually ends in a moral purification, since the inner punishment is far more acute than the outer punishment—even if you get away with the sin unscathed. Rarely, alas! the Law believes this, and your neighbours—never!

Though why we should ever worry about our neighbours passes my comprehension the older I grow! I really don't care very much what people may be, so long as they are loyal in their friendships, affectionate in their attitude, keen on this or that and good company at most times. The rest is essentially their own affair. I dislike the curtailers of personal freedom either in mind or body—those untiring keepers of their brother-men, whose interest resembles so greatly a kind of moral nagging. Let people be what they will, so long as we can laugh together and help each other along life's way without dictation. Really to love requires in all of us a perpetual forgiveness. I am thankful it is so! To repeat, I prefer a room which contains a little honest-to-goodness dust. I feel more at home in it.

(Concluded on page 152)

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Pope — Davies**

Lt. John Ernle Pope, R.N., youngest son of Cdr. and Mrs. R. K. C. Pope, of Juppssland, Billingshurst, Sussex, married Pamela Mary Davies, eldest daughter of the late Arthur H. Davies, and Mrs. Davies, of Rookery Wood, Slinfold, at Horsham Parish Church



**Talbot-Ponsonby — Curtis**

Lt. Evelyn John Talbot-Ponsonby, R.N.V.R., son of the late Cdr. F. Talbot-Ponsonby and Mrs. Talbot-Ponsonby, of Pineridge, Droxford, Hants., married Hilary Curtis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Kingsley Curtis, of 26, Hillway, Highgate, at St. Michael's, Highgate



**Friend — de Lembecke**

Major James Arthur Friend, 11th Hussars, son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. A. L. I. Friend, of Morden Lodge, Morden, Surrey, married Arditia Mercedes Hansard de Lembecke, only child of the late Michael de Lembecke and Mrs. de Lembecke, of Ashby Close, Burton-on-the-Wolds, Leicestershire, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



**Rhodes — Burges**

Lt. Philip Montagu Rhodes, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Rhodes, of Milford-on-Sea, married Diana Bula Burges, daughter of the Rev. P. F. L. and Mrs. Burges, of All Saints' Vicarage, Hertford, Herts., at All Saints' Church, Hertford



**Blomfield-Smith — Abercrombie-Smyth**

Lt. Dennis Blomfield-Smith, R.A., of Treborough House, Ask Vale, Surrey, and Rosemary Abercrombie-Smyth were married at St. Mary's, Axminster. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Abercrombie-Smyth



**Greenly — Gibson**

Major Anthony Greenly, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. Sir John and Lady Greenly, of Calcot Hill, Berks., married Diana Gibson, daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson, of 5, The Gateways, Chelsea, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



**Davies — Moss**

Hartley Reynolds Davies, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Davies, of Albany Road, Cardiff, and Betty Moss were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moss, of Downage, Hendon



**Forrester-Wood — Brocklehurst**

William Rodney Forrester-Wood, F.R.C.S., of 66, Wilbury Road, Hove, married Jean Brocklehurst, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brocklehurst, of Walstead Manor, Lindfield, Sussex, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Jordan — Mathews**

Major Stanley P. Jordan, R.E., son of Dr. A. C. Jordan, C.B.E., and the late Mrs. Jordan, and Olivia Mathews, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Mathews, of 10, Berkeley Street, W., and Heverswood, Brasted, Kent, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 137)

and all those of English blood—on either parent's side—and who are British subjects, are to be invited to become members of the Royal Society of St. George, thus furthering the cause of Anglo-American unity. It is interesting to remember that Lord Queenborough chose an American for both his first and his second wife.

### Cattle Sale

THE sale of pedigree British Friesian cattle at Reading had much of the flavour of the Doncaster Bloodstock Sales. The animals offered, with their satin magpie coats and polished ebony horns, had the same air of expensive beauty; and faces better known in hunting and racing circles were to be seen round the auction-ring.

Among the purchasers were Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist, who bought a cow with a tremendous milk record and in calf to Goldicote Maake, the Friesian equivalent of Hyperion or Nearco; and Michael Beary, who became the proud owner of a bull called Hachi Van Rinzu. Mrs. Buist works all day on their farm near Horsham, is always in bed by 9.30 and up at cockcrow, nail varnish being reserved for Sundays and holidays "of obligation." She and her husband have a Shorthorn dairy herd which they are thinking of changing entirely for Friesians, as the latter give so much more milk, and keeping a few Jerseys to keep up the butter-fat standard. Michael Beary has a mixed herd of Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires, Shorthorns and Friesians at his farm in Wiltshire. A fascinated onlooker was Mrs. Martin Hartigan, who since the sad deaths of her son Michael, killed in action, and of her husband, who trained so many good winners at Ogbourne, has joined the American Ambulance Corps, and was in uniform at the sale.

### Colquhoun—Duncan Wedding

ALTHOUGH restrictions on travel prevented many of the Colquhoun family from coming down from Scotland to attend the wedding of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun's eldest son, Ivar (who is a Gunner), to Miss Kathleen Duncan, Mrs. Walter Duncan's attractive second daughter (a Leading Aircraftwoman in the W.A.A.F.), there was a goodly muster of Tennants, for Lady Colquhoun is a member of that large family. Lady Oxford was there, and the Duchess of Rutland with her three sons. Lord Verulam, whose second son, John, married the bride's elder sister, Marjorie, gave away the bride. His two sons, Lord Forrester and the Hon. John Grimston, were ushers at St. Martin's, together with the Duke of Rutland and Lord John Manners and one or two more. The bride wore the beautiful gold and white brocade wedding dress which was worn by her sister, and with it the old family lace veil. There were two tiny attendants, Elizabeth Grimston (the bride's niece) and Tommy Gore (the groom's nephew). Archbishop Lang gave the address. Flowering red currant, red tulips and blush roses, as well as arum lilies, made a lovely floral display, and at the reception at Lord Headfort's house in Portman Square masses of daffodils and flowering shrubs had been beautifully arranged by the bride's sister, Mrs. Grimston, who brought them from Gorhambury. Among the guests were Lady Andrew Cavendish, Mrs. Roderick Thessiger, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grimston, who was there with her daughter-in-law and the latter's girl; and Lady Newman, who was with her daughter. The bride and groom are taking the top layers of the cake up to Luss with them for the tenants who were prevented from coming to the wedding, and half the lower tier is to be taken to Gorhambury for the tenants there.



The Anglo-Brazilian Society's Reception

The first reception given by the newly-formed Anglo-Brazilian Society took place in London recently. Mme. Moniz de Aragao and her husband, the Brazilian Ambassador, had tea with Lady Cook, wife of Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., Liaison Officer to the Allied Forces. Senor de Aragao came to London as Ambassador in 1940

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

the cattle-truck on the crawling journey to Petrograd—that revolution-torn city that was once the St. Petersburg that she knew so well. She returns as a waif (though big with a sense of adventure) to trudge streets along which she used to bowl in the family carriage, as a sheltered and luxurious young girl. . . . Everywhere she sees shabbiness, semi-ruin; the imposing buildings are chipped and scarred. Order is barely kept; one moves about at one's own risk. Also, one can, apparently, hardly lift a finger without transgressing one of the new laws.

### Friends and Foes

IN Petrograd, Frossia encounters the New Russia at the most painful early stage of its birth. (This idea is present the whole time: later when she wishes to visit the country and applies for a railway-travel permit, she is told she is wrong to wish to travel "during a birth.") She asks: "What birth?" and is told: "The country's.") The young girl, who has never worked, who has nothing to fall back upon but her own energies and a few jewels, has now to maintain life, somehow, in the proletarian city that, at the best indifferent to her, may at any moment become hostile. There could not be a greater challenge to her belief in life. But she not only loves Petrograd, every stone of the city; she believes in Russia itself, with an ardour that no revolutionary could excel.

Frossia might well be called an adventure story. For the heroine's Petrograd life, as recounted here, is a spiritual as well as a physical ordeal. Hunger, homelessness, dangers of prosecution loom large, but not larger than the disillusionments that she has to face. Chance brings her across one or two old friends, of the old regime, who are lying low in different parts of the city. But her relations with these grow difficult: they regard her attempts to adapt to this new world as an act of treachery to her own class. Anna, with whom she has lived, robs her; Michael, whom she has nursed back to life, denounces her to the police. In the end, it is among the rough, simple, "new" people that Frossia forms the friendships that go deep. Her adventures, her ups and downs, as recounted by Miss Almedingen, could not be more exciting. You will no doubt remember Miss Almedingen's own adventures in *To-morrow Will Come*. To an extent—but to an extent only—this novel covers the ground of the autobiography. But there is a subtly different point of view: it is as though the authoress had, in retrospect, revised her memories of those Petrograd years.

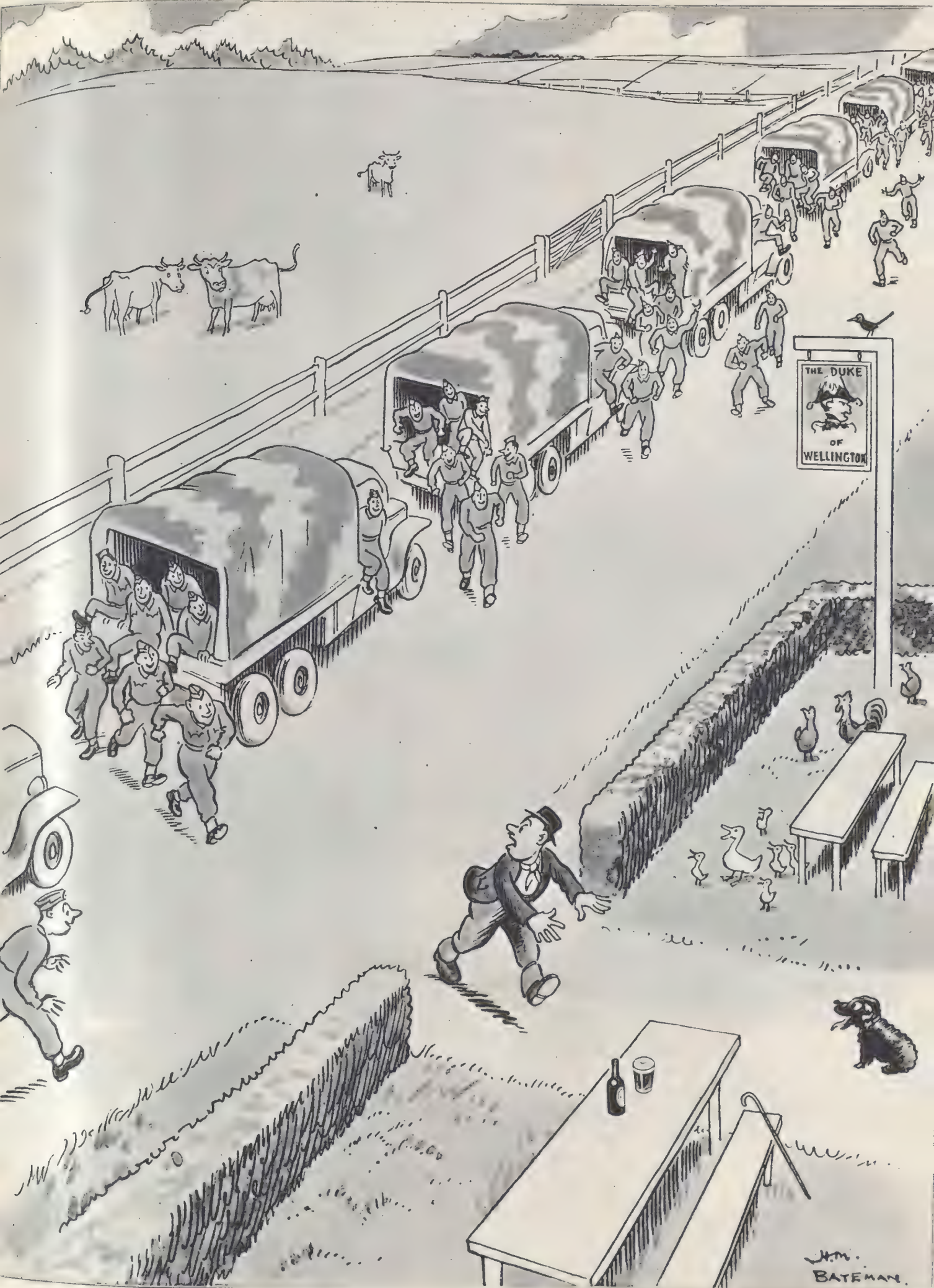
### Gentle Pirates

WITH *One Sparkling Wave*, by Cynthia Asquith (Michael Joseph 8s. 6d.), we return to England—and to pre-war England, at its most smiling and leisurely. In this delightful novel, the four principal characters are women. It should be said that the smiles and leisure belong to the three generations at Glade Hall—Lady Glade, her widowed daughter, the enchanting and totally selfish Daphne, and Daphne's daughter, the eighteen-year-old Lark. To these three, Gertrude Blake, doctor's daughter in the neighbouring small town, is bound by a long-standing tie of loyal, selfless, though clear-sighted, devotion. At Glade Hall, Gertrude is known as "Available"—the pet name dating from when she was sixteen. First as a childhood contemporary of Daphne's, then as a plain young girl, on up to the present, when she is a woman of forty-six, Available has always been in attendance—yet keeps a curious dignity of her own. Why is this? I suppose because, as Lady Cynthia Asquith makes clear, the plain and apparently undistinguished spinster is a powerful personality in her own right. People of her integrity do not make hangers-on. Glade Hall and the three generations in it satisfy Available's æsthetic sense. Ungrudgingly, she admires in Daphne Merton the beauty, the grace, the successfulness she herself lacks. Unflinchingly, she had stood by and watched Daphne marry (without, even, deeply loving him) the one man that she, Available, loved, and now Lark, the only child of this marriage, has become dear to her as might have been her own. As for Lady Glade, Daphne's mother, her serene, cryptic dignity, her detachment from the crudeness of modern life, cast a sort of spell on Available.

So, the three at the Hall, unconscious pirates, make unceasing demands on their solid friend. Their summonses never cease—to the rueful amusement of Available's father and the indignation of the Blakes' old family servant. Available, true to her name, is always there: she copes, she sympathises, she receives the confidences of grandmother, daughter and granddaughter in turn. In the delicate situations that come up between the three, she puts out her best diplomatic powers. . . . The theme has been skilfully handled by Lady Cynthia Asquith: comedy and pathos are kept in balance. Irony, lack of malice, grace of style and appreciation of character for its own sake appear on every page of *One Sparkling Wave*.

### Round World at War

"GLOBAL WAR: AN ATLAS OF WORLD STRATEGY," by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), should be a key, for the intelligent person, to a fuller understanding of the world-war position. Sixty-nine maps and eight charts, by a world-famous geographer and cartoonist, are accompanied by a descriptive text. Colonel Frank Knox, Secretary of the United States Navy, who contributes the Foreword, calls this "an ambitious atlas." It does stress that war has become three-dimensional, truly global in character—the maps given are, therefore, global rather than flat. The book divides itself into three main parts: (1) Some characteristics of the Great Powers in 1939; (2) World communications—Waterways and Landways, and (3) Natural routes of invasion.



J.M.  
BATEMAN.

"My Goodness—My Guinness"

● There are many things to interest practical women in the Suit Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge; two admirably tailored suits are illustrated on this page. The model below is carried out in jersey tweed. The inset front is of a contrasting material; the arrangement of the pockets should be carefully noted. The model on the right is almost a classic. Fashioned in tweed, it may be worn open or closed. There are many variations on this theme, some being of Shetland. A new idea is the corduroy jacket with tweed skirt, the latter having the hem bound to match the coat. There are other models in flannel with short jackets. Evidently the short jackets have come to stay, and they make good companions for simple dresses; in the warm weather they can be discarded



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

● It is at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, that Selita jumper suits may be seen. Perfectly simple and admirably cut, they are made in the best materials procurable. The one illustrated on the right is light and warm, and the deep basque suggests that it is a coat and skirt. The touches of white are very effective. There are other Selita models in stripes which are decidedly attractive and do not easily become crushed. They should be given a good shake and hung up if they have been packed for a lengthened period. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there is a splendid variety of these jumper suits



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Control and Air Brakes

AEROPLANES with air brakes are aeroplanes with more control than others; dive bombers are aeroplanes with air brakes. Therefore dive bombers are aeroplanes with more control than others. That is a sequence of argument that has been stated more than once, but that fails to gain the general acceptance it deserves.

It was as good to see that the Americans are fitting the Mustang with dive brakes to enable it to be used as a dive bomber, as to see the squirms and stratagems of those who have opposed dive bombing and who, therefore, sought to give some other interpretation to the brakes.

It is always distasteful to have to point out the inaccurate prognostications of others; yet it is impossible to refer to the growth of the belief in the efficacy of dive bombing without doing so. The fact is that those who have opposed dive bombing now see that the discipline of consequences is forcing it upon the most die-hard opponents.

The cleaner aeroplanes get, the more they need air brakes if they are to be fully controllable. The air brakes may be wing flaps, or they may be reversible airscrews; but their effect is always the same—they produce a retarding influence by reaction from the air.

They can be used to keep the speed within a reasonable range during the dive, or they can be used for helping to bring the aeroplane to a standstill after landing. In the future it is safe to predict that they will be used for both purposes.

## Tank-Busting

THE tank-busting aeroplane is really a special application of the fundamental ideas behind the dive bomber. The tank-buster shoots nearly along the line of aim and the line of sight. So does the dive bomber. The tank-buster gains some of its advantages because its missiles are travelling fast, even when

launched at close range. So does the dive bomber.

It is, of course, unfashionable to say: "I told you so." Those who say it are classed as useless old fossils who are merely trying to advertise their age and importance. Yet I must state that a book of mine which was published in 1925 contained the whole of the relevant argument in favour of the tank-buster.

It is an argument which has not changed with the years. All that has happened is that senior officers have been forced by events to accept it. One day they will likewise accept the dive bomber which rests on a theory equally sound.

Personally, I do not expect credit for having pressed for tank-busters. I recollect the scrupulous care a high officer used during the first few months of the war, in answering a letter of mine, not to permit me to gain the slightest impression that anybody in any position of authority had paid the slightest attention to the theories I had been advocating for aerial artillery machines. The idea apparently was that it would be a tragedy if the impression were to be given that I had thought of anything which the senior officers had not thought of months before and already arranged to develop.

If I were a professional inventor I should feel aggrieved that my ideas were being used without acknowledgment; but the aeronautical journalist is in a different position. He works by giving away ideas in his writings and does not expect any further return for them than that provided by his readers.

## Prediction

AND now I go forward a stage further and state my views as to the events which will be making the news another sixteen or eighteen years hence. The reversing airscrew will be used by then not only for



Lenore

**Flying Officer the Hon. Michael Julius Benn, D.S.O., D.F.C.,** like his father, is a member of the R.A.F.V.R. Lord Stansgate, who served in the Air Force in the last war, now holds the rank of Air Commodore. He was appointed Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry in 1942

shortening the landing run, but also for increasing control in the air.

It may be linked with manoeuvring flaps. It will certainly be used to help in reducing the turning circle when aeroplanes meet in combat. It will be matched with guns of more than 100 mm. which will be carried centrally—as the Whirlwind carries its cannon—and used against ground targets.

The big, air-borne gun made all the more useful by the control of the aeroplane carrying it is increased. The it comes about that aerial artillery machines—and here I employ the term I used for them when I first described them in 1925—will play an increasingly important part in land and sea battles. They will become the armoured divisions of the air and will once more extend the scope of aviation.

## Peace Probabilities

ALL of which, it may be complained, deals with war. I am not competent to express any view whatever on whether war will be abolished from the earth. I do not know if the day will come when nobody will ever want to fight for anything. I do not know if the day will come when everybody will agree with the views of those in power.

But all advances in the control of aircraft have their peace as well as their war applications. Air brakes, whether of the wing flap variety, the gruyère cheese type (as in the Dauntless), the drain-cover type (as in the latest Vulture), or the reversing airscrew type, will help in giving improved air and landing control and that in turn will give improved operating efficiency.

It does not matter whether the purpose is bombing or air combat or the carriage of goods and passengers. Improved control will produce improved results.



THE factory workers of England who made and fitted the under-plate to Crusader close-support tank (W.D. No. 44620) can have a drink any time they like on the Notts Yeomanry crew which fought this Crusader through the last battle.

Twice, shells from an Italian 37 m.m. anti-tank gun crashed on to the under-plate but did not stop the tank... The old warrior received two further hits but finally her guns crashed into the gun and gun-team."

Extract from an account of recent fighting in North Africa in "The Nottingham Guardian".

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## 50 TURNING POINTS IN HISTORY

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The new century brought fresh honours. At the Exhibition in 1900 Courtaulds were the only English silk manufacturers to be awarded a Grand Prix. But the Paris Exhibition was notable for some-

thing more important. It was here that Courtaulds first took an interest in the process which led to the perfection of rayon. Today Courtaulds Rayon is scarce because National needs come first, but the "cease fire" will restore it to the shops again—more beautiful and versatile than before. What is more, the name Courtaulds will again stand sponsor for new developments no less indispensable than rayon to the amenities of post-war life.

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

THE sergeant was not in a very good temper that morning, and his temper grew even worse as he went round inspecting the rifles of a very raw lot of recruits.

As he peered down the muzzle of one weapon he gasped with amazement.

"And what's that oil in that barrel for?" he inquired in ominous tones.

The guilty one was scared stiff, but he responded manfully: "Well, sergeant, I thought it would help to make the bullet come out quicker."

AFTER the wedding ceremony the kindly old vicar eyed the shy bridegroom benevolently.

"Well, my friend," he said, "here is your lawful wedded wife."

The young man grew purple and shuffled his feet as he turned to his bride and mumbled:—

"Pleased to meet you!"

THE seven-stone jockey married a woman at least twice his weight. After the ceremony he asked some of the guests to drop over to his flat. The best man looked doubtful.

"Thanks, Sammy," he said, "but after all it's kind of late. Maybe your wife wouldn't approve of guests at this hour."

The jockey shrugged.

"Oh, I don't expect you chaps to stay long," he explained. "All I want is for you to help me carry the bride across the threshold."

SAID Mrs. Robinson to her husband: "Things are becoming very difficult, dear. I had to queue over an hour this morning to ask the butcher how his rheumatism was!"



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"What time do they open?"

HE: "I have a confession to make. I'm a married man."

She: "Oh! You had me frightened for a moment. I thought you were going to say this car didn't belong to you."

THE colonel asked the newly joined subaltern to stay for a minute or two after the officers had left the mess, as he wanted a word with him.

"I noticed," he said, "that you drank rather too freely tonight. That won't do, you know. Now, you see those four bottles on the table? When you begin to think that there are eight bottles, it's time to stop."

"But, sir," objected the junior, "there are only two bottles on the table."

THE head of the house was reading a newspaper article very carefully. When he had come to the end he remarked to his wife: "Do you know, dear, I think there's something in what this article says—that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling-block to the son."

His wife heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, thank goodness," she said, "our Bob won't have anything to fall over."

THE rabid reformer, seated in his hotel room, reached for the telephone and called the room clerk.

"Clerk," he snapped, "there's a wild party going on in the room directly across from mine. I can see right into the room and the way they're carrying on is something scandalous. It isn't a fit sight for a decent man, and I want it stopped immediately."

The clerk tried to pacify the man.

"Why don't you pull the shade down?" suggested. "Then you won't see anything."

"I tried that," complained the reformer, "but I can still see the whole thing by peeping under the shade."

THE vicar had notified the schoolmistress that he would be coming to the school to catechise the children in religious knowledge. As he always asked the same questions, she thought it best to prime the children with the correct answers.

"When the vicar comes," she said, "he will say: 'Boy Number One, who made you?' and you must answer: 'God, sir.' Then he will say: 'Boy Number Two, who was the first man?' and you must answer: 'Adam, sir.' And so she went on through the catechism.

When the vicar arrived Boy Number One was absent from his place, so he began with Boy Number Two, and asked: "Boy, who made you?"

"Adam, sir," replied Boy Number Two.

"No, no, my boy," said the vicar, "it was God who made you."

"Please, sir," he replied, "the boy God made out of the room washing inkpots."

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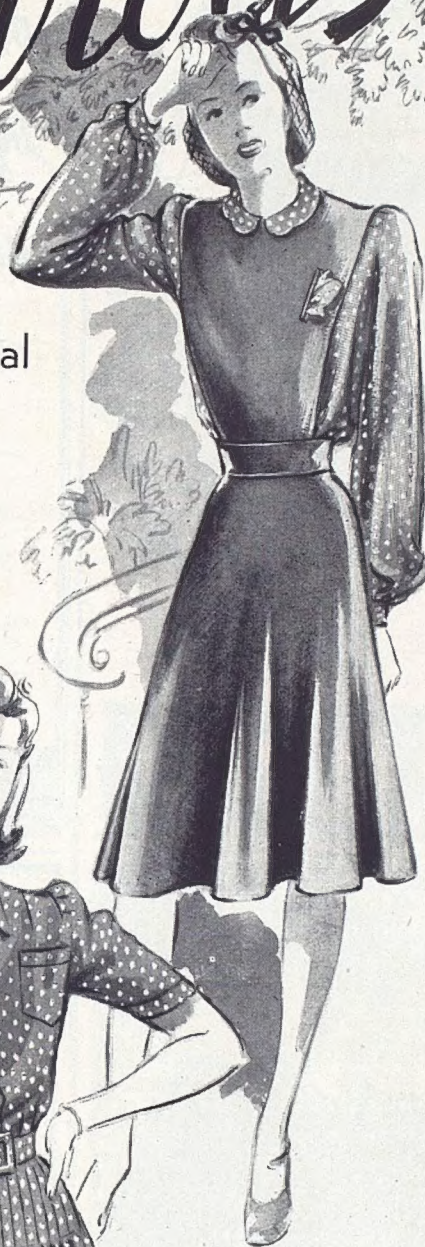


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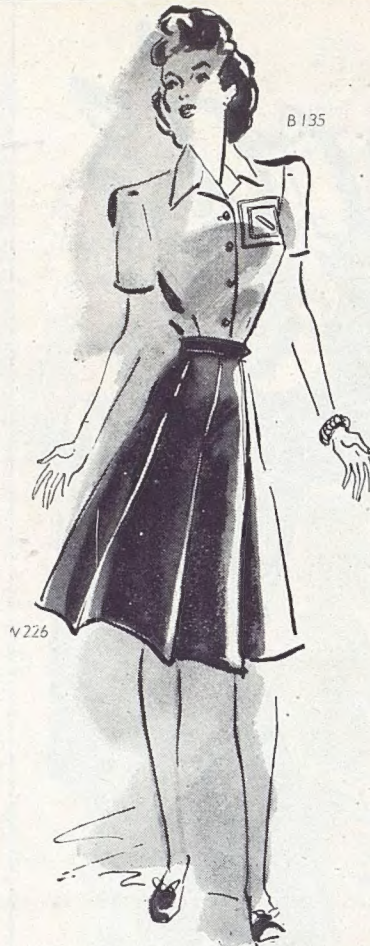


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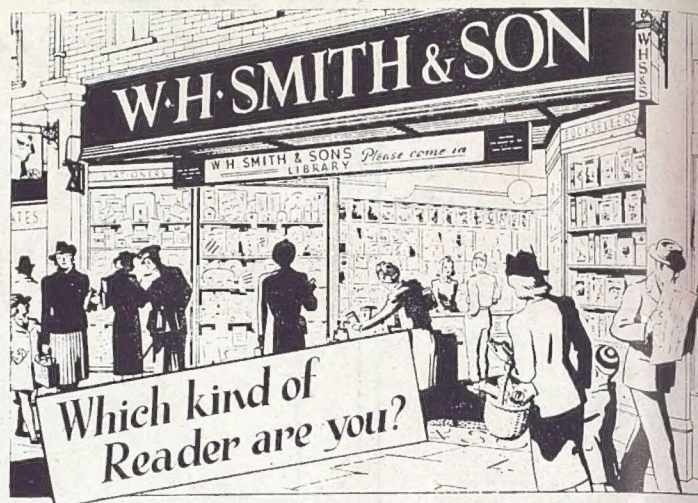
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